

THE NEW PLAYS

Lenore Ulric in "Kiki" A Fascinating Little Devil

BY CHARLES DARTON

THERE burst through the door with a gamin's impudence a bright-eyed, defiant creature, her shock of bobbed black hair breaking out from under a rakish blue hat, her brick-red waist turbulent with shugging shoulders, a black and white skirt straining at the hips, and slender, pretty black-stockinged legs running to feet ready to kick up a lively row. Here was Lenore Ulric at the Belasco Theatre last night embodying all the graces of Maupassant, Zola and Eugene Sue as Kiki in David Belasco's vivid adaptation of Andre Picard's racy character study.

Here, too, was the season's most striking novelty, a comedy with the pungent flavor of Paris acted in a way to make it a sensational success. It had also the glamour of the theatre, much the same theatre that appealed to Belasco years ago in "Zaza" and recently in "Deburau," this time with a spunky little chorus girl fighting tooth and nail to hold her job and then struggling even more desperately to win the affection of the big, good-looking music hall manager with whom she had fallen head-over-heels in love.

Aided by her youthful charm, her infectious humor, and her keen skill, Miss Ulric achieved a sweeping triumph. In fact, she seemed capable of mopping up the floor with any one who got in her way, swinging a wicked arm and vanquishing the manager's valet in a rough-and-tumble fight. A game sport, she was always ready for a scrap, this Kiki, treating only her beloved Renal with tenderness. She called his theatre a "shabang," but respected him. It was all very well for him to pick her up and take her to dinner, but he never suspected what he had let himself in for until she established herself in his apartment. You mustn't imagine there was anything wrong about this, for there wasn't. Thanks to Mr. Belasco, perhaps, Kiki was "a good girl," strange as this may seem.

But once the music hall manager had her at home he couldn't get rid of her. He was as helpless as the poor devil in "The Incubus" of Brieux. Kiki was there to stay and also to see that Renal didn't take back his divorced wife, a trouble-prone prima donna. Catch her letting another woman get ahead of her—no, street!

This is where the real fun of the piece started and it led up to one of the most amusing and amazing stunts that ever surprised an audience. After ruling over the establishment with a high hand for a week, giving herself grand airs and ordering extravagant feasts in which she bedecked herself, Kiki found herself in danger of being passed along to a susceptible old baron. Indeed, she seemed to have taken her departure. But her bag of tricks was by no means exhausted. She merely went into another room and threw a cataleptic fit—or rather a very good imitation of one. Stiff as a dead mackerel, she deceived everybody, including a highly interested doctor, and what's more, scared off the ex-wife. The admiring Renal thereupon smiled indulgently and though not indifferent to her bare feet, made the chaste arrangement of having his cook put her to bed. "Well, anyway," remarked the satisfied Kiki as she went to her virtuous couch, "I got him!"

Perfectly rigid for at least fifteen minutes as she was propped up, stood up and swung around like a human mule, Miss Ulric played her cataleptic trick astonishingly well. Her impertinences and drolleries, all in the

jargon of the street, were equalled by her ability as a liar as she told of having Spanish blood in her veins, only to forget what she had said in a short time and declare herself Corsican, in proof of which she violently brandished a knife. In all her moods Miss Ulric was a fascinating little devil, irrepressible, captivating, inimitable, and at moments pathetic.

Sam B. Hardy played the music hall Adonis with tolerant humor, and managed his part of the cataleptic business with the utmost ease. Max Figman, Thomas Findlay, Arline Fredricks, Thomas Mitchell and Sidney Toler—when he made up his mind to drop an unnecessary accent—also did good work.

Mr. Belasco put such a kick in "Kiki" that it hit the delighted audience like the cork from a bottle of champagne.

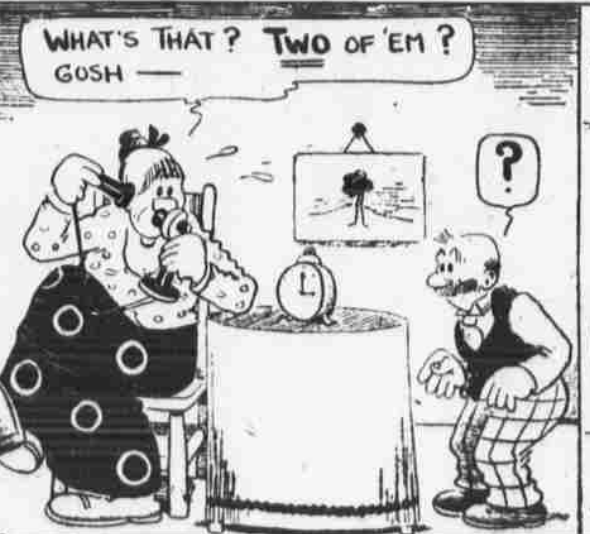
THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



LITTLE MARY MIXUP



KATINKA



About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE New York theatrical managers—or some of them, at least—appear to have given up the custom of other years of trying to force new shows into long runs. Nowadays a week or two tells the tale. Three new shows, all produced since Nov. 1, are scheduled to close Saturday night. One is Grace George in "Marie Antoinette," at the Playhouse; another is "We Girls" at the 48th Street, and the third is "The Man's Name," at the Republic. All these received good newspaper criticism, and the writer found them all interesting productions worth seeing. What will go into the two houses in West 48th Street has not been announced, but A. H. Woods notifies us that "The Fair Circassian," by Gladys Unger, will open at the Republic next Monday under the direction of Gertrude Newell. Another production that disappeared recently was "The Mad Dog," starring Conway Tearle, at the Comedy.

HOPE TO PRODUCE.

Francis X. Hope is to do some producing. He is interested in the same producing company, which will present Harold Bell Wright's play, "The Mark of the Cross," at Syracuse.

"MOE" PAINS MOE.

Irene Franklin, who sings a song about Moe of the Bronx in "The Greenwich Village Polka," wonders if she'd better drop it from her repertoire. The following letter is the reason: "My Dear Miss Franklin: I saw your performance in 'The G. V. Polka' and enjoyed it until you sang a song that made me feel bad. The song is 'Moe.' Many years ago, before I learned how to defend myself, I was named Moe by some one who had it in for me, and try as I will I cannot get away from it. For some days I had not been called by that 'dang-er-on' until last night, and then, while I was out for recreation, you had to spoil it all by singing a song named 'Moe.' To make matters worse, I too come from the Bronx. Please drop it." That's why Miss Franklin is wondering whether she ought to sing "Moe" any more. (Hold on—there we go again.)

INSIDE DOPE.

This is the fourth successive season that Bertram Peacock and William Danforth of "Blossom Time," at the Ambassador Theatre, have used the same dressing room and they're getting on each other's nerves. "Of course we're good friends," says Mr. Peacock, "but I'm getting tired of Bill's face." "I don't believe we'll ever hit each other," says Mr. Danforth. "But Bert

ATTENTION!

Readers, Big-Face Hank drew number 13,476 from the chance box last night. If you have exactly \$134.73 in your pocket you have the privilege of sending it to the writer of this column. Remember, now, you're not supposed to borrow money to make up the amount. We must refuse to accept "borrowed" cash. Jefferson Shrewsbury Nutt has wired us from Bogalusa, La., asking if he is barred from this competition. He is, of course, as are all of our correspondents, including Jessica Plympton Nutt, Philip B. Dooner and Arthur Rosenfeld.

HULL A PINCH-HITTER.

Henry Hull of "Everyday," at the Bijou, is gaining quite a reputation as a theatrical pinch-hitter. You will remember, possibly, a few years ago when his sister-in-law, Margaret Anglin, produced "Joan of Arc," she needed an Earl of Warwick quickly and Henry leaped into the role on six hours' notice. Well, he did it again in "Everyday." A new leading man was needed. Henry was awakened at his home at 130 A. M. and told to catch a 2:30 train for Baltimore. He arrived in the Oyster City at 7:30, was handed his part and appeared on the stage at the matinee that day. Give him credit, folks!

THE ACOUSTICS ARE GOOD.

The office force of Maro Klaw, Inc., which labors away in rooms above the Klaw Theatre, can hear every word

RHYMED PROPOSALS

George, of Jefferson, has accepted the hand of Frances, of Arverne. On Nov. 23 Frances told the world, through this column, that a lad who could furnish the dough for her to make cake of could walk right into her parlor and put his hat on the piano. Here is George's acceptance: "I'll furnish the dough to make that cake. That Frances of Arverne wants to bake. If a true and loving wife she'll be, And make life pleasant and homelike for me, Just send me her name and address to start A courtship to be based on culinary art."

spoken in "Lilies of the Field," the attraction at that house. Of course, they only hear the players on matinee days, but they have learned the play by heart. It has been proposed that the office force give a special performance of the comedy-drama for charity some day. Joe Klaw could appear in Norman Trevor's role, but which of the boys could sub for Marie Dorot?

FROM FIFTY COUNTRIES.

An unusual theatrical party saw "Main Street" at the National Theatre last night. It was made up of members of the Intercollegiate Cosmopolitan Club. Fifty countries were represented, some of the students appearing in the costumes of their native lands.

CHURCH VERSUS ACTING.

John Golden has notified us that George A. Schiller, an actor of four years' standing, now in "Thank U," at the Longacre Theatre, has decided to leave the stage. Authorities of the Methodist Church, according to our informant, said Schiller must either give up acting or quit the church. Mr. Golden has taken the matter up with the church in an effort to keep the actor in the company.

GOSSIP.

Harry Jacoby will hold a crazy pool tournament at the Friars Saturday night. Twenty officers of the S. S. Adriatic saw "Good Morning, Dearie" at the Globe last night. Edythe Baker and Clarence Nordstrom, now at the Winter Garden, are to appear in a Shubert musical show later.

Jack Mayn, film actor and scenarist, will make his debut in the "speakers" in a new Oliver Morosco comedy. Little Patricia Ziegfeld will see her mother, Billie Burke, act for the first time to-morrow afternoon when she witnesses a performance of "The Intimate Strangers."

Charles Warburton has joined the Southern and Western company at the

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Well, well, how are you? Have you got rid of your Army-Navy yet? There was a young woman named Sue, Who wanted some gum for to chew, Said she to her sister: "I'll knock you a twister, Unless you find some P. D. Q."

FOOLISHMENT.

There was a young woman named Sue, Who wanted some gum for to chew, Said she to her sister: "I'll knock you a twister, Unless you find some P. D. Q."

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Smith was buried last week." "Oh, is Smith dead?" "If he isn't they've played a mean trick on him."

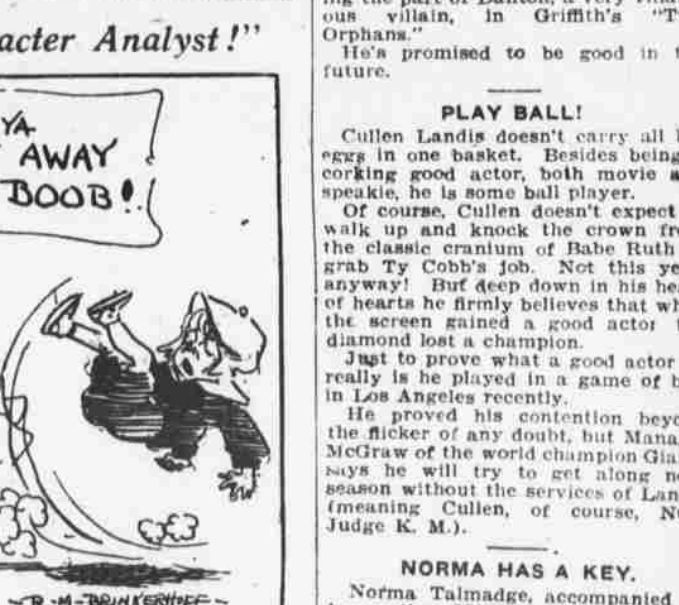
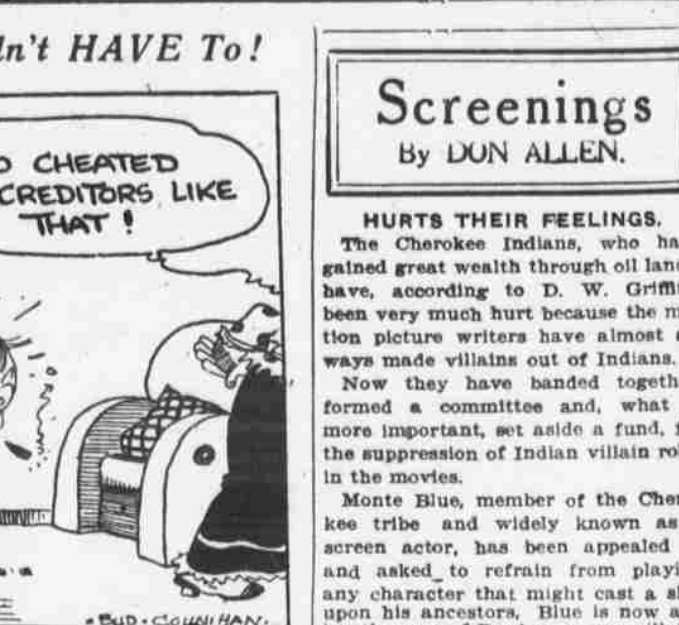
A COSTLY LAUGH.

"THE way the Germans flaunt German bankruptcy, German Bolshevism and all round German ruin in our faces when we ask them to pay up reminds me of Gobba Golde." The speaker was a Congressman from Missouri. He continued: "Old Gobba strolled down to his artificial lake one morning, where he had put up a big 'No Swimming' sign, and there was a stranger swimming out into deep water. 'Gobba was beside himself. 'I'm going to arrest you and take you down to the squire's as soon as you come out!' he yelled. 'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the stranger, 'I ain't comin' out! I'm committin' suicide!'"

FAIR WARNING.

THE last twenty minutes had been nothing but a succession of passes, and Private Snow had become restive. "Man," he remonstrated to the bones holder, "pears like impossible for a man to do nuffin' but make nachers lessen he's crookin'." "Chuff, man," responded the other, "dis boy was done born wid a pair o' dice in his hand." "Yeah," replied Private Snow, "an if dis boy don't see a little more shakin' before de shootin', dat boy is gwine die de same way." —The American Legion Weekly.

Home, James!!!



Screenings

By DON ALLEN.

HURTS THEIR FEELINGS. The Cherokee Indians, who have gained great wealth through oil lands, have, according to D. W. Griffith, been very much hurt because the motion picture writers have almost always made villains out of Indians. Now they have banded together, formed a committee and, what is more important, set aside a fund, for the suppression of Indian villain roles in the movies. Monte Blue, member of the Cherokee tribe and widely known as a screen actor, has been appealed to and asked to refrain from playing any character that might cast a slur upon his ancestors. Blue is now acting the part of Danton, a very villainous villain, in Griffith's "Two Orphans." He's promised to be good in the future.

PLAY BALL! Cullen Landis doesn't carry all his eggs in one basket. Besides being a corking good actor, both movie and speake, he is some ball player. Of course, Cullen doesn't expect to walk up and knock the crown from the classic cranium of Babe Ruth or grab Ty Cobb's job. Not this year, anyway! But deep down in his heart of hearts he firmly believes that when the screen gained a good actor the diamond lost a champion. Just to prove what a good actor he really is he played in a game of ball in Los Angeles recently. He proved his contention beyond the flicker of any doubt, but Manager McGraw of the world champion Giants says he will try to get along next season without the services of Landis (meaning Cullen, of course, NOT Judge K. M.).

NORMA HAS A KEY. Norma Talmadge, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, arrived in Los Angeles last week. According to word from Filmdom the town looked as though President Harding and a bevy of Kings and Queens were about to reach the fair city. The buildings were decorated, flags fluttered from every staff, and there was a regular brass band "nervy-thing" down at the station to greet the fair visitor. Mayor George E. Cryer was the first to extend the warm hand of welcome to the screen star, and then he burst into oratory which carried him from the "rock-ribbed coast of Maine to the sun-kissed coast of California." When he was all through with the verbal barrage he handed Miss Talmadge the key to the city. She's been carrying it ever since, but says she hasn't found a door it will open yet.

CUTTINGS. "Manslaughter" will start at the Paramount studios when Cecil B. De Mille returns from a two months' European jaunt. Don't get excited; it's only a flumm! Mrs. Mary Jarvis of Philadelphia, founder of Mothers' Day, has just declared William Fox's "Over the Hill" the greatest mother film ever filmed. Ethel Ferris, one of the Oriental dancing girls in the "Queen of Sheba," was formerly premiere danseuse with the Chicago Opera Company. Dame Rumor is busy again. This time she vows and declares Frances White, musical comedy star, and Raymond McKee, movie leading man, are to wed. Those most concerned are letting Mrs. Rumor do all the talking. Warner Brothers have sent out invitations to a pre-release showing of "School Days," Wesley Barry's starring feature. It will be shown in the grand ball room of the Hotel Astor to-morrow night. An amplifier will be installed in the theatres showing Mabel Normand in "Molly O," so that Mack Bennett can check up on the laughs. Seeing as how Mack is at California, a little laugh will go a long way. Will Rogers is happy again. He has always wondered what became of all the foreboding children. He says he knows where ONE is, anyway. He saw her on Broadway recently. Major Jack Allen, who catches wild animals, was a larlat and a camera, says that if you want to duplicate his stunt you have "got to know the ropes." "Nothing recedes like success," morm-Alizes Accep's Film Fables. Doris May and friend husband, Wallace McDonald, have just finished vacationing in the mountains. Annapis is peeved at all the stories they are telling and retelling. Tsuru Aoki, wife of Sessue Hayakawa, has returned to the screen after a two months' absence. Ramsey Wallace, leading man in "The Call of Home," says he likes his present role better than any he ever played.